Ser. Why ſir, a gentleman from the Vniuerſity ſtaies below to ſpeake with you.

Huſ. From the Vniuerſity? ſo, Vniuerſity,
That long word runs through me. *Exit.*

Wife. Was euer Wife ſo wretchedly beſet?
Had not this newes ſtept in betweene, the point
Had offered violence vnto my breſt.
That which ſome women call great miſery,
Would ſhew but little here: would ſcarſe be ſeene
Among my miſeries: I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all Wiues that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him, vntill all be nothing.
He calles it ſlauery to be preferd,
A place of credite, a baſe ſeruitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poore children?
Two here, and one at nurſe, my pretty beggers,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the ancient ſeat to duſt:
The heauy weight of ſorrow, drawes my lids
Ouer my dankiſh eyes: I can ſcarſe ſee;
Thus greefe will laſt, it wakes and ſleepes with me.

Enter the Husband with the Maſter of the Colledge.

Huſ. Pleaſe you draw neere ſir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Mai. That's my doubt, I feare I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. Yes, howſoeuer.

Mai. Tis not my faſhion ſir, to dwell in long circumſtance, but to be plaine and effectuall; therefore to the purpoſe.

The